

Thrust Into a War

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Summary: A republic expeditionary force happens upon the battle of Reach. A middle aged Jacen finds a new friend. Is this all coincidence, or are they part of a more sinister plot? A Star Wars crossover.

Thrust Into a War

I don't own Star Wars or the Halo universe, or anything related to the two.

This will make the most sense if you've read The Fall of Reach, or at least played Halo, and if you've read any book set after ROTJ.

This is my first fanfic. Enjoy!

The angular, metallic-grey ships seemed to expand from a single dot of space, appearing suddenly with a noise " _in space _" akin to an atmosphere jet breaking the speed of sound. Other ships manifested in the same fashion, and master chief had to quickly maneuver his pelican around the projecting bottom of an ovular vessel. The ships were huge; he could hear his team gasp collectively, and he was sure he did as well. The largest ship, a wedge, was 8 or 9 times the size of even the largest covenant carrier.

Keyes's jaw dropped when the alien ships arrived; his pipe clattered to the floor. His crewman remained awestruck long after he regained his composure, however. His battle sense kicked in. These new players were obviously no covenant, but who knew who they were?

The comm crackled. Lieutenant Dominique clicked it on.

"..arâ€¦|..stroyeâ€¦| _sanctity_ to â€¦|.own aliâ€¦|ssel. We got your â€¦|ress â€¦|ignal. Need any help?"

With a motion from Commander Keyes, the lieutenant set the transmission to main view screen. Keyes almost dropped his pipe again. A human face stared right back at him, an old man with a tight face, battle-weary eyes, and a surprising resemblance to Keyes's old commanding officer. The man on the other end seemed just as surprised.

"Yes, sir, we could use some help."

Three reasons had settled the argument that the crew had been having -- whether or not to help the broadcasters of the distress signal. First of all, they were human, somehow. Second, they had received no response from the other aliens. Most importantly, though, the dark figure of the Jedi in the corner of the bridge had spoken up "a rare thing" and suggested that they assist.

Commander Dillon, of the New Republic's star destroyer *_sanctity_*, usually governed himself and his crew by logic, but beyond the logic in this decision, a gut instinct prevailed; something deep that tipped the scales.

Judging from the carcasses of human and alien ships alike littering the system, the battle had been a huge one; and judging the ratio of the two; the humans had lost. V shaped battle groups of the aliens "covenant", Keyes had said - were hunting down the rest of the human ships. Those that could run away were chased by streaking blobs of plasma; those that could not were caught, and the plasma melted and boiled through their hulls.

The experienced commander had seen worse battles, with more lives wasted, but the weapons of this one were peculiar and bloody. Giant orbital stations fired ship-sized chunks of metal, going straight through covenant ships; and even stranger were the blobs of plasma, fired from covenant cruisers, that so hauntingly and lazily steered themselves to pursue the maneuvering human ships.

He called his second in command, Captain Fallt, on the trailing calamari cruiser, on his comlink. "Split up and attack the aliens, captain."

"Sir? Which ones?" Came the reply,

He answered curtly and turned to his crew.

"Ensign Locan; red alert, please."

"Sir."

"Officer Gull," He said to the Calamarian. "Figure out what that plasma is. I want a shield recalibration on the double."

"Yes, sir."

"Ensign," He looked at his navigation officer, Joh Gull, the brother of the science officer. "Set a course for a broadside. I want that shield calibration, Kuln!"

"Sir."

The republic force veered off in different directions to attack the

covenant. The _sanctity_ moved toward a larger ship. Dillon guessed at the purpose of the bulbous extensions in the rear, and was confirmed as small fighters streamed out of them.

"Scramble fighters. Scramble all fighters."

Two squads of x-wings and four squads of TIEs were launched from the large bay, and moved to intercept the small covenant craft.

The two capital ships pulled up alongside each other, and the star destroyer unleashed a devastating broadside. All six port torpedo launchers fired, and turbo lasers streaked from the innumerable cannons.

Dillon could make out red particles of light coalescing into two beams, and two blobs of fire flew from the covenant ship's cannons just before the _Sanctity_'s barrage landed. The ship exploded in white flame.

There was no time for celebration, however. Two masses of plasma were rapidly getting closer.

"Kuln, the shield solution?"

The Calamarian was too absorbed in the panel before him. "55 seconds to impact," Locan announced, a definite shake in his voice.

"Gull, come onâ€¦"

"45 secondsâ€¦"

The science officer scribbled furiously on his pad.

"Gull, we need that now!"

"Just ten more seconds! " Kuln said.

"20 secondsâ€¦"

"Come onâ€¦!" The plasma filled his view screen. It was terrifyingly beautiful. Tendrils of light played around it and through it, and the color shifted into deep hues of purple.

"Impact in 5, 4, 3â€¦"

"Got it!"

The plasma hit the ship and spread out. Dillon could see the shields weakening on his display. "Focus shield power to those sectors."

The plasma boiled and sizzled away, just disappearing, and leaving bare unscarred metal underneath. The ship had sustained no damage. The bridge crew breathed a collective sigh of relief. Taking a look around the system, Dillon could tell that the humans, with the help of his battle group, had destroyed the rest of the covenant fleet. Whatever that meant for them. He hoped he had defended the right people.

Now, where had that damn Jedi disappeared to?

Jacen Solo streaked away from the hanger bay in the Millennium Falcon. As the oldest son, he had inherited the ancient but incredible Correllian freighter. He was glad that he had been able to get away, in all the confusion. Sometimes, it's hard to explain to a non-jedi that you felt a powerful soul crying in the force.

The cry he had heard was not from a force sensitive being, he knew that. He could tell just from its presence that it would never be able to use power that swelled around it and followed it wherever the being went. He had seen the same thing in his father; powerful beings attracted power.

As he neared the planet, he could make out an orbital station; a shipyard. The being was on that station. He did a quick search for docking bays near it, and found a suitable one for the falcon; a simple gated box connected to the bulk of the section.

Unfortunately, the gates were closed. He tried to remotely hack the gate systems below, but the alien system proved difficult to operate.

"Artoo," He said to the droid behind him in the cockpit. "Can you open it from here?"

The droid let out a long whistle, replying that he couldn't.

"What if I got you down there?"

The droid replied affirmatively, and rolled off to the bottom-docking ramp. The droid cycled through, sealing the doors near the ramp, and lowered it. Artoo wheeled down, his magnetic clamps sticking onto the metal of the station so that he would not fly off.

"There, Artoo," Jacen said into his comlink. "There's a thin panel to your right, and beneath it are a mass of wires.

The experienced droid extended a small buzz saw and cut through the plating. He reached out a manipulator arm, grabbed the panel, and carelessly threw it into space. It hit the Falcon's cockpit and clattered off.

"Hey!" Jacen yelled, and swore.

The droid chattered amusedly and got to work manipulating wires. Before long, he shocked a particular wire, and the hangar doors slid open. Artoo moved in the direction of a maintenance elevator to the bay. Jacen skillfully maneuvered his ship into the small bay. It was a tight fit, but he managed.

"Artoo, stay with the ship," He said as he ran down the ramp. "I won't be long."

He sensed the being again and set down a corridor, the force enhancing his speed. The artificial gravity must be off or broken, he noted.

The being drew him like a beacon, and before long he reached the docking port of a ship. Looking out a glass view port beside the door, he could see a name imprinted on a small corvette: the

_circumference. _He masked his presence just as a precaution, and opened the door with the force.

Three humans and two robots hid behind a barricade of crates, firing at a mass of creatures across the cockpit. The humans and robots were using, it seemed, ancient projectile weapons. The technology and appearance of the creatures they were fighting strongly imitated the biological sheen on the ships they were fighting in the system above.

The robots had glinting iridescent green armor over a black torso. They moved with surprising human grace, not to mention superhuman speed and agility. They must be highly skilled assassin droids. Exceptâ€¦ one of the robots was the being he had been trying to find. He sunk deeper into the force, delving

into the being's mind. It thought with a mechanical autonomy on the surface, but beneath, regular sentient emotions -- fear, hatred, anger, love -- flowed like water.

Then, was it wearing the robot? Or maybe it was like Darth Vader, the villain from so many tales. Either way, the skill of the person was obviously unmatched. Had Jacen not been deep in the force, it would have appeared to him as a blur. The person, and its partner, dodged small blobs of plasma without looking and dispatched the aliens with ease.

Jacen saw, out of the corner of his eye, another alien force sneaking through the hatch to his right. The humans were distracted and didn't notice them. One smaller alien let fly a salvo of purple needles.

Jacen sprung into action, his lightsaber extended, and swatted aside the attack. The needles stuck to a wall and exploded a second later in searing violet light. He knew that the lead cyborg turned to him, assessed whether he was a threat, and turned back. Jacen quickly destroyed the alien force, realizing that a small cut to their air tube would lead to a hiss, decompression, and suffocation.

As soon as the battle was over, the cyborg gracefully moved to the control panel of the ship, extracted a small chip, threw it on the ground, and crushed it to powder beneath his heel. Then he turned to Jacen.

"Who are y-" came a solemn man's voice, but it was replaced by a disembodied woman's voice. It had an unrecognizable accent, but it was common; he was relieved that they all spoke the same language.

"We are Spartan 117. It's nice to meet you. Thank you for your help.

The Man's voice came again. "What is your rank?"

"I am not of the military," Jacen replied, tentatively

"A civilian, then? How did you get in here? And if you're not from the military, why do you fight so well?"

The cyborg obviously did not know about jedi. Jacen didn't know how

to reply.

"I'm sure he came on a ship," The woman's voice said. It had a sarcastic tone to it. "Sir, whoever you are, is there space on your transport?"

Jacen led them along the corridors back to the _Falcon. _

Once inside, he laid the injured marine on the medical bed. A cyborg walked in, and twisting its helmet off, revealed a quite pretty, if battle hardened, female face, sporting scars of all kinds. He looked surprised, but she just asked what he was spreading on the wound.

These people are full of surprises, he thought. They have never heard of jedi, or bacta, for that matter? He showed the armored woman how to spread bacta on the wound, and explained its effects before returning to the cockpit.

The other Spartan was standing behind the copilot's chair, also de-helmeted. This cyborg " or probably not a cyborg " was male, and, unbelievably, had more scars than the female. He looked as if he never smiled, and his eyes bore a weariness that was almost unbearable to behold. Jacen slid into the pilot's seat, and motioned for the man " cyborg? -- To sit beside him.

"I really shouldn't..." Came the reply.

"Go ahead."

The man lowered his weight tentatively into the chair, and it crumpled beneath him.

"Just how heavy **are** you?"

The Master Chief wants YOU to reVIEW!

End
file.